THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

MONTHLY EPITOME

OF

Taste, Fashion, and Manners.

No. XXXIV.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1801.

——— *Cuncta terrarum subacta,*
Præter atrocem animum Catonis. HOR.

"All the globe subjugated to his will; except the stern inflexible mind of CATO."

Three Volumes of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the Work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in boards, price *Seven Shillings* each Volume, by applying to the Publishers.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Jan.* 6, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 7, 1801.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—*Dr. Goldsmith.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

The part of *Miss Hardcastle*, by Mrs. Sontley. It were an affront to the good sense and understanding of our readers, to draw a comparison between this lady's ſtyle of acting, and the ease and *naiveté* which characterize Mrs. Jordan's performance.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 7, 1801.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR—*Ben Jonson.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 8, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 8, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *Jan.* 9, 1801.

THE INCONSTANT—*G. Farquhar.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

'Tis truly astonishing with what velocity young Kemble, under the auſpices of his loving brother, the present Manager, runs through the whole extensive range of the drama. This evening added another wreath to his laurel'd brows. In conſequence of that unparalleled ease! that *gentlemanly* air! and gait! which characterize all and singly his performances, he was very properly appointed

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the representative of *Young Mirabel*, in which character he made his appearance this evening, for the first time. The audience were *surprized* with his manner, and style of acting, and the newspapers reverberated his praises the next morning, in strains of the most delightful panegyric. There are some stomachs that will swallow any thing—no matter how rank and fulsome the fumes of adulation—nothing causes their gorge to rise.

Miss De Camp, in the part of *Bisarre*, her first appearance in that character, obtained considerable applause. To natural powers of the first magnitude, this amiable actress joins the most anxious desire and sedulous endeavour to please. We wish we could bestow the same commendation on all the members of the profession.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 10, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakspeare*. HARLEQUIN AMULET.

It is a circumstance creditable to the genius of the age, as auguring an improvement in public taste, that the relish for the legitimate dramas of Shakspeare begins to revive. At both theatres the plays of our illustrious bard are more frequently performed this season, and meet with greater success in the representation, than has wont to be the case in preceding years. In proportion as the national taste reverts to just principles, in the same proportion will the childish passion for pun, bom-

baſt, and motley caricature decline. May the æra of their final overthrow and subversion be speedily accomplished!

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 10, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Jan.* 12, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* WHO'S THE DUPE?—*Mrs. Cowley.*

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Jan.* 12, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Jan.* 13, 1801.

THE RIVALS—*R. B. Sheridan.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Jan.* 13, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 14, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 14, 1801.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR—*Ben Jonson.*
HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

The representations of this evening were by command of their Majesties, who appeared highly delighted with the performances. The house was crowded to overflow in every part, and the play went off with the greatest *eclât*.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 15, 1801.

THE HAUNTED TOWER—*Cobb.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 15, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *Jan.* 16, 1801.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT—*Cibber.*
HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Jan.* 16, 1801.

OTHELLO—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 17, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 17, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Jan.* 19, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE DOCTOR AND THE APOTHECARY.

Elvira, by Mrs. Powell. Were we to draw a general comparison between this lady's style of acting, and Mrs. Siddons's performances, we should, with the exception of scenes which depict *matron-distress*, (in which Mrs. Siddons certainly stands unrivalled) give the preference, in the aggregate, to Mrs. Powell. Replete with sensibility, warmth, and fire, she acts from the immediate impulse of nature—she consults no other rule of guidance than her own feelings; and hence, she seldom fails to reach the heart. Mechanical acting, on the other hand, may challenge our admiration, as a specimen of art, and high-wrought study, but it has not the power to electrify, as it were, the whole frame, and identify the fiction of the scene, with the passions implanted in the soul.

"*Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia laedent." HOR.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Jan.* 19, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakspeare*. HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Jan.* 20, 1801.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT; OR, THE SICK LADY'S CURE. HARLEQUIN AMULET.

We were highly gratified with the revival of this excellent comedy, which abounds in scenes of sprightly humour, vigour, and comic force.—Though nearly a century old, being first produced at the Haymarket Theatre in the year 1709, it still closely approximates, both in sentiment and manners, to modern life. Several of the situations are peculiarly felicitous; more particularly that in which *Sir Solomon Sadlife* mistakes his maid *Wishwell* for his lady; the comic effect of this scene is indeed irresistible. The characters were cast as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Sadlife . .	Mr. King,
Sir Harry Atall . . .	Mr. Mattocks,
Sir William Wilful . .	Mr. Wewitzer,
Atall	Mr. C. Kemble,
Careless	Mr. Barrymore,
Clerimont	Mr. Holland,
Doctor Bolus . . .	Mr. Waldron,

Rhubarb

Rhubarb . . . . . Mr. Trueman,
Officer . . . . . Mr. Sparks,
Finder . . . . . Mr. Palmer,
Supple . . . . . Mr. Suett,
John . . . . . Mr. Fisher,
Thomas . . . . . Mr. Webb,
James . . . . . Mr. Evans,
Page . . . . . Master Chatterley,
Cæsar . . . . . Mr. Rhodes,
Pompey . . . . . Mr. Chippendale,

Lady Dainty . . . . Miss Pope,
Lady Sadlife . . . . Miss Biggs,
Clarinda . . . . . Miss De Camp,
Sylvia . . . . . Mrs. Sontley,
Wishwell . . . . . Miss Mellon,
Situp . . . . . Miss Tidswell,
Jenny . . . . . Mrs. Chippendale.

Mr. King, as the representative of *Sir Solomon*, displayed that rich vein of dry and testy humour, for which he is so justly celebrated. Wewitzer's *Sir William Wilful* is likewise an excellent performance. Without wishing to detract, in the slightest degree, from the general merits of Mr. Barrymore, we cannot refrain from observing, that he is much too laboured and artificial for the part of *Careless*. But the most glaring impropriety in the representation, was the obtrusion of young

Kemble

Kemble in the part of *Atall*. 'Tis more than surprizing—'tis a positive outrage of decorum, and an insult to the public, on the part of the Manager, to thrust his brother forward in such a shameless manner, and to render the economy of the theatre subservient to a profligate system of family aggrandizement. *Atall*, the hero of the piece, is a gay, sprightly, dashing rake of the old school, whose character assimilates, in many respects, with that of *Ranger* in the *Suspicious Husband*. For such a part Mr. C. Kemble is avowedly much too saturnine and heavy. The Kembles have not in their whole family, comprehensive as it is, spunk enough to play the rake with sufficient energy and spirit—

> Their native phlegm no gen'rous passion knows,
> No blood that riots, and no pulse that glows.

Miss Pope imparts a vigorous colouring to the character of *Lady Dainty*. *Lady Sadlife* was ably personated by Miss Biggs. Miss Mellon and Miss De Camp severally appeared to considerable advantage, in the characters of *Wishwell* and *Clarinda*. Mrs. Sontley's *Sylvia*, we are sorry to observe, is a spiritless, and, in every sense of the word, tame and insipid performance.

COVENT-GARDEN, Tuesday, *Jan.* 20, 1801.

Every Man in his Humour—*Ben Jonson.*
Harlequin's Tour.

The Manager appears to have acted very judiciously in the revival of this comedy, which gains upon the town with every repetition. We have already, in our former number, given a general account of the cast and scale of talent with which the several characters are sustained. We shall, therefore, only observe, on the present occasion, that the part of *Bobadil* requires considerable management in the delineation, and ought not to be tinctured with such *palpable coarseness*, as at once to let the world into his real character. The intention of the author, no doubt, was to draw the picture of a vapouring Hector, who gained repute with the town for courage and skill, by the affectation of *fierté*, and by assuming a bluftering tone of manners, under which disguise he concealed his real pusillanimity and weakness. But this system could never have been successfully proceeded upon, had *Bobadil*, by the *coarseness* of his disguise, laid himself open to immediate detection. A coward may affect the hero; but he can never hope to impose upon mankind without a due admixture of subtlety and address. In these remarks we do not mean to detract from the general merit of Mr. Fawcett's performance, but merely to convey a few hints, which,

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in our humble opinion, would essentially contribute to improve and meliorate the delineation.

The same train of argument applies, in a great measure, to Mr. Munden's *Brainworm*. It should be remembered, that this artful wag has to impose, not only upon the weak and credulous *Master Stephen*, but likewise upon *Old Knowell*, and other persons of sense and penetration. Now, to carry on this project with success, it becomes indispensibly necessary that he should at least *appear* to be the character he assumes. All extraneous *mummery*, of course, ought to be carefully avoided and proscribed; at least in the presence of those whom he is endeavouring to circumvent. In this respect we cannot refrain from animadverting on Mr. Munden's performance, as obviously too extravagant and grotesque. An actor should never defeat his own purpose, nor sacrifice the reputation of the author, for the sake of drawing down applause from the galleries.

Mr. Cooke played *Kitely* with his wonted ability and success; but was seized, before he had well finished the part, with a very alarming indisposition, which confined him to his chamber for several days, and for a considerable time menaced serious danger. A change in the performances announced for the remainder of the week unavoidably took place.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 21, 1801.

THE INCONSTANT—*Farquhar.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 21, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

The Royal Family this evening honoured the theatre with their presence, and were welcomed by the audience with the customary demonstrations of loyalty and affection. They appeared highly delighted with the performance. His Majesty, in particular, laughed heartily at the whimsical and extravagant incidents with which this comedy abounds.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 22, 1801.

KING JOHN—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 22, 1801.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* THE POOR SOLDIER—*O'Keeffe.*

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *Jan.* 23, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*R. B. Sheridan.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Jan.* 23, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 24, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 24, 1801.

LIFE—*J. Reynolds.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Jan.* 26, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Jan.* 26, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Jan.* 27, 1801.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT; OR, SICK LADY'S CURE —*C. Cibber.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Jan.* 27, 1801.

THE STRANGER—*Altered from Kotzebue.* CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO—*D. Garrick.*

By an act of almost unparalleled courtesy and com-

complaisance on the part of the Proprietors, Mr. Cooke took his benefit at this early part of the season, choosing for his principal performance a drama which never before had been represented on the boards of this theatre, and in which he himself sustained the leading character, whence the piece derives its title, in avowed rivalry to the original representative, the present Manager, or rather *autocrat*, of Drury-Lane. This circumstance could not fail of strongly exciting public curiosity, to witness so interesting a trial of rival skill; and this motive, superadded to the innovation in practice, in seizing on a drama of recent production, brought forward at the other house, insured to the actor a numerous attendance. The theatre was literally crowded to overflow in every part. Even the lobbies and avenues were thronged to such a degree, that standing-room was scarcely to be obtained. Our readers will naturally feel desirous to see a specification of the cast of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Stranger . . .	Mr. Cooke,
Count Wintersen . . .	Mr. Whitfield,
Baron Steinfort . . .	Mr. H. Johnston,
Tobias	Mr. Murray,
Solomon	Mr. Emery,
Francis	Mr. Farley,

Peter

Peter	Mr. Simmons,
George	Mr. Atkins,
Count's Son	Master Wilde,
Stranger's Son . . .	Master Blurton,
Mrs. Haller	Mrs. Litchfield,
Countess Wintersen . .	Miss Chapman,
Charlotte	Mrs. Dibdin,
Annette	Mrs. Sydney,
Savoyard	Miss Wheatly,
Maid	Mrs. Blurton,
Stranger's Daughter , .	Miss Jenkinson.

In appreciating the claims and pretensions of Mr. Cooke in this new character, it is necessary that we should enter into a moral *analysis* of the character itself. The leading features in the *Stranger* are—a settled habit of despondency, of doubt, of gloom, and melancholy; resulting not from the consciousness of his own guilt, but from the perfidy and guilt of others. He is not a misanthrope from a natural want of feeling, but in consequence of outraged sensibility. His manly heart has been stabbed by the hands of those whom he most loved, and in whom he most confided. He still has a heart to feel for the woes and distresses of his fellow-creatures—he still has a hand ready to relieve their wants, and necessities. But his mind is poisoned with distrust, and he scowls on all mankind as a race of dæmons in disguise.

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For the personation of a character of this description, it must be acknowledged, even by the warmest admirers of Mr. Cooke, that Mr. Kemble possesses the *physical* requisites in a far superior degree than the former gentleman. His saturnine cast of features, his haggard visage, and above all, his deep, sepulchral tones, which strike awfully upon the ear, like the ominous croak of Night's funereal bird, are admirably qualified to depict the workings of a mind weighed down by sorrow and irretrievable calamity. The part requires much *evenness* of action, (especially in the first three acts) which avowedly does not class among the characteristics of Mr. Cooke's manner. His are the workings of an impetuous soul, unrestricted by the trammels of mechanical discipline, and therefore better calculated to depict the starts of sudden and violent emotions, than the habits of settled and confirmed despondency. In many instances he gave the part the tinge of *atrocity*, and assumed the guise of an *assassin*, rather than that of a *misanthrope*. To sum up the whole in few words, we do not rank his personation of the *Stranger* among his most felicitous efforts.

The same *physical* and *family* peculiarities which enhance the merits of Mr. Kemble's performance in the *Stranger*, equally contribute to the success of Mrs. Siddons, in the part of *Mrs. Haller*. Like her

her brother, she has a woe-worn face, a hollow, solemn, *church-yard* voice, and a certain ghastliness of feature, which perfectly accord with the expression of contrition, penitence, and remorse, the natural concomitants on conscious guilt, and gross delinquency. Her furrowed cheeks, and deep-indented forehead, exhibit a lively portraiture of the effects of inward care, the effects of corroding anguish, preying alike upon the body and the mind. In this point of view, she has indisputably the advantage over every other actress the stage at present can boast.

Yet ought not the superior excellence of this lady, by the re-action of comparison, to render us blind to positive merit in another, because moving in a subordinate sphere. To place Mrs. Litchfield, as the representative of *Mrs. Haller*, upon a *par*, or even in competition with Mrs. Siddons, would certainly argue a total dereliction of principle—a flagrant disregard of justice and of truth. But we feel no hesitation in most unequivocally stating, that Mrs. Litchfield, whatever may be her defects, is infinitely better qualified for the part than a certain lady who aspired to the character, but was very properly rejected; and we give Mr. Cooke great credit for his discernment, in the first instance, and his tenacity, in the second, in not suffering his judgment to be warped by undue and sinister influence. How it could possibly enter

the head of any rational being, that a character, the leading *traits* of which are penitence and contrition, could be adequately represented by an actress, so completely *worm-eaten* with affectation, as Mrs. Pope! an actress whose whole soul seems absorbed in self-complacency, self-homage, and self-conceit! how such an idea could enter the pericranium of any being endowed with the powers of ratiocination, we must candidly acknowledge ourselves utterly at a loss to comprehend.

In consequence of the supposed slight and insult passed upon his wife, by the preference thus judiciously awarded to Mrs. Litchfield, ALEXANDER THE GREAT felt his pride and consequence so sensibly affected, that he refused the part of *Steinfort*, though an actor of ten thousand times his talent and ability, the late justly-regretted Mr. J. Palmer, did not conceive it beneath his acceptance. It frequently happens, that the excess of evil leads to a cure, as sores are cleansed by suppuration. Thus the overweening vanity of one man afforded scope for the display of superior talents in another—and *Steinfort*, by the secession of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, obtained a much abler representative in the person of Mr. H. Johnston, who does not appear to believe in the practical creed of Mr. INFALLIBLE, that passion is most suitably expressed by *shutting the eyes, and blubbering, like a school-boy whose posteriors*

teriors have undergone the discipline of a flogging pedagogue!

Mr. Murray's *Tobias* was a chaste and interesting performance. Mr. Whitfield, always respectable, personated the *Count* with as much ability as the part admits of. Mr. Emery's *Solomon* will not easily satisfy those who have seen Mr. Wewitzer in that character. Simmons was irresistibly ludicrous, but rather too *outrè*, in the whimsical part of *Peter*. As the representative of *Francis*, Mr. Farley is not to be placed upon a par with Mr. Palmer, of the other house.

Between the Play and Farce, Mr. Cooke recited Garrick's celebrated *Ode on Shakspeare*. The receipts of the house amounted to 530*l*. the entire produce of which was paid to Mr. Cooke, *free of all deductions*. The liberality and generosity of Mr. Harris towards his performers are subjects of general notoriety; but there is a *mode* of conferring a benefit, which doubly enhances its value, and for which Mr. Harris is not less celebrated, than for his inherent disposition to be bountiful. Mr. Cooke was not made acquainted with Mr. Harris's kind intentions to give him a *clear benefit*, till the fall of the curtain. The customary charge to performers for the disbursements of the house, independent of the expence of *supernumeraries*, are regulated at the sum of 160*l*. a present of which was made to Mr. Cooke by the Proprietors.

We experience a pleasure in recording such instances of generosity, as redounding not merely to the honour of the individual, but of human nature itself.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 28, 1801.

THE RIVALS—*R. B. Sheridan.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 28, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 29, 1801.

JANE SHORE—*N. Rowe.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

The Veteran Tar, a comic opera, in two acts, was performed this evening for the first time, and with considerable success, although the music to the piece is not furnished by the man who vauntingly dubs himself the "*regular Composer to Drury-Lane House!*" For this favourable exception to the fate which has attended the production of its predecessors, under the present management, the author is not a little indebted to the wholesome exposition of certain nefarious practices, involving a regular system of *theatrical proscription,* detailed in Dr. Houlton's late publication, entitled, *A Review*

of

of the Musical Drama of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. We are happy to find, that however hardened and inured certain persons may be to *clandestine* guile, they are not wholly deadened and insensible to *public* exposure and conviction.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tom Sturdy	Mr. Bannister,
Philip	Mr. De Camp,
Doctor Gossamer	Mr. Wewitzer,
Farmer	Mr. Suett,
Henry	Mr. Trueman,
Tom Clueline	Mr. Chippendale,
Ben Bowling	Mr. Webb,
Margery	Mrs. Sparkes,
Lisetta	Miss Stephens,
Cicely	Mrs. Mountain.

With respect to the *fable* of the piece, the author justly observes, in his *Preface*, that what little of plot it can lay claim to (and, God knows, 'tis *little enough!* so little, indeed, that we have been puzzled to discover *any!)* is borrowed from a French drama, in one act, entitled, *Le Petit Matelot*. He acknowledges that, as a literary production, it is totally *beneath* criticism—an opinion in which we perfectly coincide with him. What, indeed, can be rationally expected from the author of a similar abortion,

'yclep'd

'yclep'd *The Shipwreck?* A man may have a musical father—nay, more, he may be musical himself—and yet be little better than a dunce!

A storm at sea—a **shipwreck**—an escape from the waves, after hard swimming and buffeting—a love-adventure—a grapple with the enemy—and a full *quantum sufficit* of *gallery-traps* and patriotic *crudities*, constitute the whole of this *whip-syllabub* of the drama. Nor is the dialogue less flimsy and contemptible than the plot. Scarcely would it pass muster as the exercise of a school-boy.

A song or two, however, may be quoted as exceptions to this general censure. We extract the following, as the most favourable specimen of the poetry:

DUET.—*Lisetta and Cicely.*

Hark! hark! the village bells delightful sound,
In cadence sweet they die along the vale;
Now lowly murmuring o'er the broken ground;
Now loudly swelling on the paſſing gale!
Hark! how they echo round the rocky shore!
Now soft they steal responsive on the ear;
Now caverns deep re-bellow to the roar;
In sounds harmonious, audible, and clear.

SONG.—*Cicely,*

When storms are sunk to rest,
And thunders roll no more;
The Sailor's heart how blest,
Who seeks his native ſhore!

That

That shore where many a fair
His cheering spirit warms,
All crowd his smiles to share;
Snug moorings follow storms.

Then rage, ye faithless winds,
Ye foaming billows roar;
The Tar a welcome finds
Upon his native shore.
Tho' tempest-tost at sea,
A-shore affection warms;
All Sailors' creeds agree—
Snug moorings follow storms.

TRIO.—*Lisetta, Cicely, and Henry.*

High on a rock, by ocean lash'd around,
Britannia sits upon her well-fix'd throne;
Views the vast main, and bids her waves resound,
And calls, unmov'd, the vast expanse her own;
Bids the swoln waters heave their angry heads,
Securely smiling 'mid the bellowing deep;
Drives back th' wild waves to their billowy beds,
Till sounds are hush'd, and storms are lull'd to sleep.

The music is certainly delightful, and such as reflects credit on the illustrious name of the composer, whose professional efforts at the *Haymarket Oratorios*, this season, we are happy to find, meet with such wondrous encouragement, that the theatre is *too little* for him—so much so, that he is compelled to incur the risk of disobliging his most intimate friends. In this respect the author speaks the strict and literal truth, when he observes, (see the *Preface*) that his opera is not "intended for the

eye;

eye; (he might have added, nor yet for the *mind)* but simply as a *conductor* of sweet sounds to the *ear.*"

Mrs. Mountain, who takes the lead in the vocal department, executed the airs assigned to her with great taste, and the happiest effect. Several of her songs, and a *trio* between herself, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Trueman, were deservedly *encored.* Of the performers, Mr. Bannister is most entitled to notice. His delineation of *Tom Sturdy* was highly characteristic, and exhibited a spirited sketch of the manners of our gallant tars. *Doctor Gossamer* found an able representative in Mr. Wewitzer, who did ample justice to the part.

The new scenery is principally confined to two views—the one representing a village on the coast, and the other a tremendous storm at sea. They are both excellent in their kind. The theatre was crowded in every part, and the piece, after experiencing the approbation of a decided majority, was announced for repetition, with very few dissentient voices.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Jan.* 29, 1801.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*Shakspeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

☞ *No Perf ormancesat either Theatre on Friday, it being the Anniversary of the Decapitation of* CHARLES I.

DRURY-

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 31, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

Every endeavour to correct the false bias of national taste, and restore legitimate drama to the station now usurped by a heterogeneous compound of farce, pantomime and caricature, is in itself so laudable an enterprise, that even the bare attempt is entitled to the meed of commendation, though the ultimate issue may not correspond with the design. But when to the merit of good deserving, is super-added the palm of success, we feel a double claim upon our applause, and experience a strong reciprocal pleasure in congratulating the projector on the fortunate event of his undertaking. To congratulation, not less than applause, is Mr. Kemble justly entitled by his renewal of the present tragedy.

Of the general character of the drama of *King Lear* we cannot give a better description, than is conveyed in the following words of that acute critic, the late Dr. Johnſon :—" This play (he obſerves) is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakſpeare. There is, perhaps, no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed, which so much aptates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful evolutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of

indignation, pity and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress, or conduct of the action, and scarcely a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it is hurried irresistibly along. On the seeming improbability of *Lear*'s conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories, at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this history is referred, it will appear not so unlikely, as while we estimate *Lear*'s manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea, or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his Earls and Dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of *men*, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of *ages*, by mingling customs, ancient and modern, English and foreign."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Lear	Mr. Kemble,
Duke of Burgundy . .	Mr. Dignum,
Duke of Cornwall . . .	Mr. Raymond,

Duke

Duke of Albany . .	Mr. Holland,
Earl of Kent . . .	Mr. Wroughton,
Earl of Gloucester . .	Mr. Packer,
Edgar	Mr. Barrymore,*
Edmund	Mr. C. Kemble,
1*st Knight*	Mr. Caulfield,
2*d Knight*	Mr. Rhodes,
3*d Knight*	Mr. Wells,
Physician	Mr. Maddocks,
Captain of the Guard . .	Mr. Trueman,
Officer	Mr. Cooke,
Oswald	Mr. Palmer,
Herald	Mr. Chippendale,
Esquire	Mr. Fisher,
Old Man	Mr. Waldron,
Edward	Mr. De Camp,
Pages . .	Masters Chatterly and Tokely,
Ruffians . .	Messrs. Webb and Evans,

Regan	Mrs. Powell,
Goneril	Mr. Humphries,
Cordelia	Mrs. Siddons,
Aranthe	Miss Tidswell.

Mr. Kemble, as the representative of *Lear*, gave a masterly portraiture of the old, feeble, broken-

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* On account of this gentleman's indispostion, the part of *Edgar* was this evening personated by Mr. *Powell.* But as Barrymore is the regular representative, we have, in our general *Report* of the performance, referred our remarks to the latter actor.

hearted monarch, assuming all the decrepitude of a man, who, as he himself tells us, is turned of fourscore. His plaintive tones bespoke a heart oppressed with woe; and even in his assumption of madness, there was a kind of solemnity, mixed with the wildness of frenzy, perfectly congenial with the nature and complexion of *Lear*'s despair. In imprecating the curse upon his unnatural daughters, he was awfully impressive; and, borne himself along with a full tide of feeling, arrested and carried along with him the feelings of the audience with irresistible energy. In one word, the whole of his performance was such as may justly rank his *Lear* among the most classical and highly finished moral portraits of the modern* stage.

Mr.

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* The following account of Mr. Garrick's manner of acting this arduous character, as well as of the source from whence he drew his conception of the part, extracted from a recent publication by the well-known and ingenious Mr. Murphy, entitled, *The Life of David Garrick*, cannot fail, we are persuaded, of proving highly acceptable to our readers; who no doubt agree with us, in tracing a striking similarity between that gentleman's performance, and Mr. Kemble's manner. "It was in *Lear*'s madness (Mr. Murphy observes) that Garrick's genius was remarkably distinguished. He had no sudden starts, no violent gesticulation; his movements were slow and feeble; misery was depicted in his countenance; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed, or if they turned to any one near him, he made a pause, and fixed his look on the person, after much delay; his features at the same time telling what he was going to say, before he uttered a word. During the whole time he presented a

sight

Mr. Wroughton depicted the blunt honesty and unshaken loyalty of the *Earl of Kent* with much ability,

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ſight of woe and miſery, and a total alienation of mind from every idea, but that of his cruel daughter.

" He was uſed to tell how he began to ſtudy this great and difficult part. He was acquainted with a worthy man, who lived in Lemon-ſtreet, Goodman's Fields. This friend had an only daughter, about two years old; he ſtood at his dining-room window, fondling the child, and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and kill it on the ſpot. He remained at his window, ſcreaming in agonies of grief. The neighbours flocked to the houſe, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the ſtreet with lamentations. He loſt his ſenſes, and from that moment never recovered his underſtanding. As he had a ſufficient fortune, his friends choſe to let him remain in his houſe, under two keepers, appointed by Dr. Monro. Garrick frequently went to ſee his diſtracted friend, who paſſed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After ſome dalliance, he dropped it, and burſting into a flood of tears, filled the houſe with ſhrieks of grief and bitter anguiſh. He then ſat down, in a penſive mood, his eyes fixed one one object, at times looking ſlowly round him, as if to implore compaſſion. Garrick was often preſent at this ſcene of miſery, and was often uſed to ſay that it gave him the firſt idea of *King Lear*'s madneſs. The writer has often ſeen him riſe in company, to give a repreſentation of this unfortunate father.

He leaned on the back of a chair, ſeeming with parental fondneſs to play with a child; and, after expreſſing the moſt heartfelt delight, he ſuddenly dropped the infant, and inſtantly broke out into a moſt violent agony of grief, ſo tender, ſo affecting, and ſo pathetic, that every eye in company was moiſtened with a guſh of tears. 'There it was,' ſaid Garrick, '*that I learned to imitate madneſs. I copied* Nature, and to that owed my ſucceſs in *King Lear*.' "

ability, sustaining the character with uniform justice, throughout the whole of the long and trying scenes, in which that faithful Nobleman accompanies his Royal Master, as *Cajus*, in the disguise of an old soldier. Seldom have we seen Barrymore exert himself with more success, than in the *double* character of *Edgar*, first as the avowed and *legitimate* son of *Gloucester*; and secondly, as *Mad Tom*, the wandering lunatic. The part was this evening, performed by Mr. Powell, in consequence of Mr. Barrymore's illness, and in a manner, which causes us greatly to regret, that he has not *fairer* opportunities of recommending himself to the public. Young Kemble's *Edmund* was in his customary style—*rant*—and *Jacob's Well* declamation. For the representative of the lovely *Cordelia*, Mrs. Siddons is much too old, *matron-like*, and weather-beaten. 'Tis astonishing to what a degree the Kemble family have *bewitched* and sophisticated the town, to the outrage of propriety and common sense.

With respect to the *scenic* department, the drama of *King Lear* has been got up with the most scrupulous attention to *costume* and local habits. In this province of his office, we cheerfully award the Manager his just need of praise and commendation, and are only wish that we could report as favourably of him in every other capacity.

LENT ORATORIOS.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Oratorios at this Theatre commenced on Friday, February 20th, under the able direction of Mr. S. J. ASHLEY, who, for a series of years, has conducted this species of entertainment in a manner equally satisfactory to the *amateurs* of sacred music, and creditable to his own taste, liberality, and discernment. The performances consisted of a new grand Funeral Anthem, entitled the *Requium*, composed by the late celebrated *Mozart*—to which succeeded Milton's *L'Allegro, et Il Penseroso*. The leading vocal performers were Messrs. Incledon, Dignum, Spencer, and Dyne: Mrs. Second, Madame Dussek, Miss Tennant, and a young lady of the name of Tyrer, who, we understand, is a pupil of Mrs. Crouch, and does credit to that lady's tuition. She is extremely young, and possesses a remarkable fine voice. Her tones are rich, and distinguished by that natural sweetness with which we were wont to be so highly charmed in Mrs. Bland. She gave a beautiful air, "*Where is the Stupendous Stranger?*" with the happiest effect, and was most rapturously *encored*. From the specimen of this evening, we augur highly of her future exertions and though evidently strugling with the embarrassment of a

first

first appearance, she displayed a degree of taste, science and feeling, scarcely to be expected in so young a performer. With time and practice, we doubt not but she will rank among the first in the profession. The house boasted a more numerous and brilliant attendance, than we ever remembered to have witnessed. The *Requiem*, performed this evening, for the first time in this country, is a masterly composition, combining grandeur and sublimity, with *pathos*, and the most exquisite learning. In the advertisement, prefixed to the text, *Mr. Ashley* has given a very interesting Memoirs of *Mozart*, involving a narrative of the circumstances, which led to and attended the composition of this grand anthem, which we feel a pleasure in inserting, convinced that it cannot fail of proving a highly acceptable offering to our readers.

LIFE OF MOZART.—*By Mr.* JOHN ASHLEY.

MOZART was born at Salzburg in 1756—His father was a musician of considerable merit; and observed at a very early age, an extraordinary love of harmony in his son. For, when only three years of age, he would sit and listen to his sister, as she practised on the harspichord, with great attention, for a length of time. When she left it, he would endeavour to find out the chords, and would express the greatest joy at his success. He soon acquired a variety of airs, and performed them in so charming a style, that his father began to form the most agreeable expectations of his future celebrity.

Before he reached his 6th year, he had composed several Sonatas for the harspichord, altho' it is said he was unable to commit them to paper; which deficiency was supplied by his father.

Morning,

Morning, noon, and night found him at his harpsichord, or occasionally at the violin, on which, tho' self-taught, he made no mean progress. All his soul seem'd absorbed in this delightful study. The play-things which please most children, had no attractions for *him*. Music only had charms for his wonderful imagination—and he pressed forward to the perfection of his art, not by *gradual* advances, but, as it were, by the velocity of his constitution.

In the year 1762, when only *six* years old, he performed a Concerto before the Elector, at Munich, which astonished the whole court. From hence his father carried him to Vienna, where he play'd before the Emperor, who, willing to try the child's abilities further, hinted that he could not play so well, if he did not constantly look at his fingers. The little fellow fired at the insinuation, requested the keys might be concealed from his sight, and exerted himself with encreased effect. In short, his execution and music appeared so wonderful, that his Imperial Majesty was beyond measure delighted, and bestowed on him the appellation of *the little Sorcerer*. In 1763, he visited Paris, where he performed before the Court, and was thought greater on the organ than on the harpsichord. Here his father, sister, and himself, gave two concerts with so much reputation, that their portraits were painted, engraved, and eagerly sought after, and here also he first published some of his earliest compositions.

London, the centre of liberal patronage, next heard his amazing powers, where he and his sister performed to the most fashionable audiences. His present Majesty is said to have been his auditor, when a *bass* was given him as a *ground*, upon which he *immediately* raised a most exquisite melody.

From London, where he published six lessons for the harpsichord, he passed into Holland, and France, and from thence to his native place. After a year spent in study, and in the examination of the compositions of Emanuel Bach, Handel, and the old Italian masters, he paid a second visit to Vienna in 1768; when he composed, at the express desire of Joseph II. his first comic opera, *La Finta Semplice*, which gained the unqualified ap-

plause of the best judges—about this time also he composed the music for the consecration of the Church of Orphans, which he himself conducted.

In 1769, MOZART returned to Salzburg, where he was appointed *Maitre de Concert*. Some time after, he set out for Italy, the school of taste and enthusiasm. Bologna admired and upplauded genius so unrivalled—and Florence extolled him to the ſkies. At Rome he wished to have taken a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* from the Pope's Chapel, but this being refused, he examined it with a quick eye, and afterwards in his chamber wrote out the whole of the numerous parts from memory only!

The Pope beſtowed on him the order of the *Gilt Spur*, and Bologna complimented him with the title of *Member and Master of the Phil-harmonic Academy*. The probationary exercise for which honor, a fugue for four voices, he wrote in half an hour. He afterwards visited Naples. He generally wore a fine diamond ring when he performed in public—some of the Neapolitan ladies observed to him, that his muſic muſt be the effect of magic, and that it lay in his ring.—Taking that in the literal sense, which was meant only as a compliment, he immediately took off his ring, and soon convinced them that the magic lay only in his own unrivalled genius. In paſſing, on his return 'thro' Rome, the Pope presented him with a very valuable crucifix.

At Milan he composed his opera of *Mithridates*, which was much admired and again went back to Salzburgh. In 1771, he made a second excursion to Paris, where however his stay was short. In 1773, he composed *Lucio Sulla*, by request, for the Carnival. In 1781, being now 25 years of age, he composed, at the desire of the Elector of Bavaria, the celebrated opera of *Idomeneo*, for the Carnival of that year also, which has merit enough in itself to have rendered the author illustrious.

He was now invited to Vienna, where his merit soon out-shone the most brilliant of his rivals. The rapidity of his exquisite taste and feeling were beyond all praise. His compositions were circulated far and wide, and every where astonished by their origi-

originality, expression, and energy. His next work was *l'Enlevement du Serail.* During the composition of this opera, he married Mademoiselle Weber, a Lady of great musical talent and genius: And to this circumstance has been attributed that peculiar tone of tender passion, for which this piece is so remarkable.

The story of the *Marriage of Figaro*, which filled at this time most of the Theatres, was converted into an opera, and composed by Mozart, at the instance of the Emperor. The songs of which were vociferated in the streets, the gardens, and the taverns, and it was performed at Prague during the greatest part of the winter. Here the manager of the theatre agreed with him for the composition of *Don Giovanni*, one of the most astonishing efforts of science and imagination, fire and feeling. The overture to which, after having been from home till midnight, he composed in his chamber in a few hours, the very night before the first performance of that opera. Yet all this fame did not better his circumstances, and altho' he might possibly be said not to have been badly paid, yet his style of living was necessarily so attended with expence, that he had determined on another tour to London, where every useful and elegant art is more liberally encouraged, under the auspices of a beloved Monarch, than in any other part of the world. Unfortunately for Englishmen, the Emperor gave him the appointment of *Compositeur de la Chambre*, which, small as was the salary, secured to Germany the honor of retaining him.

It is lamentable (observes one of his Biographers) that premature genius too rarely enjoys a long career. The acceleration of nature in the mental powers seems to hurry the progress of the animal œconomy, and to anticipate the regular close of temporal existence.

The health of Mozart began rapidly to decline. However he was not idle; for in the few last months of his life he composed those three great works, *The Enchanted Flute*, the *Clemency of Titus*, and the *Requiem*. Some have called these his *chef d'œuvres*. Nothing ever had a greater run than the first of these. It was performed at Vienna 100 nights in less than 12 months, and on the

100th night the theatre overflowed as much as on the firſt. The ſecond was composed, at the desire of the Bohemian States, for the Coronation of Leopold. It was begun in his carriage on the road to Prague, and finished in 18 days. The history of the laſt is singular.—

A ſtranger called on him and requeſted he would compose, as speedily as possible, a *Requiem* for a Catholic Prince, in order to sooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching diſſolution. Mozart demanded 200 dücats, and the stranger in order to promote dispatch, dep osited 400. The composer began the work, in the progress of which he felt his mind unusually raised and agitated. He employed not only the day, but much of the night, in the composition of it, with which he seemed to be infatuated. He told his wife he was composing it for himself—and she prevailed upon him to give her the *score*, and endeavoured to cheer his spirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, she returned it, but he soon relapsed into despondency; and having finished it on the day of his death, he again reminded her that he had previously informed her it would be composed for himself.

The only complaint he suffered during his illness, was his being obliged to quit life when in a situation to provide for his family, and at liberty to follow the dictates of his genius and the impulses of his heart, unrestrained by mercenary considerations.

In the year 1791, and the 35th year of his age, just after he had received the appointment of *Maeſtro di Capella*, in the church of St. Peter, he departed this life; leaving the world to admire the brilliancy of his powers, and to lament the shortness of the period allotted to their display.

With reſpect to his person, he was small of stature, and his air, when not at the piano-forte, that of an absent man.—But his eyes were full of fire, and when he was performing, his whole figure became agitated, his countenance changed, and his sentiments were expressed in every motion of his muscles. His knowledge was not confined to music only; he was master of several languages, and considerably ſkilled in mathematics. He was frank, mild,

mild, and generous; free from pedantry, and always just to the talents of others; and if he wished for praise, it was only for the praise of those who were qualified to bestow it.

At the time of his death, he was considerably involved in debt; but to the credit of Prague and Vienna, these cities disputed the honor of providing for his widow and children.

FASHIONABLES, &c.

Opera-House, *King's Theatre, Haymarket.*

Want of room obliges us to confine our account of this Theatre to a bare specification of each night's performances, and to postpone our remarks till next month, when they shall meet with due attention.

Jan. 29.—*Alceste. Pigmalion.*

Feb. 2.—*Il Capriccio Dramatico. Pigmalion. Le Geloisie Villane.*

Feb. 7.—*Il Consiglio Imprudente. Pigmalion.*

Feb. 10.—*I Zingari in Fiera. Telemaque.*

Feb. 14.—*Il Consiglio Imprudente. Telemaque.*

Feb. 17.—*La Pastorella Nobile. Barbara and Allen; or, the Orphan.*

Feb. 21.—*La Pastorella Nobile. Barbara and Allen; or, the Orphan.*

Feb. 24.—*La Pastorella Nobile. Barbara and Allen; or, the Orphan.*

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. ARCHER'S CASE.—We have received several letters respecting the Manager's tyranny towards this gentleman, as detailed in our first *Letter to Mr. Sheridan*, and enquiring into the reasons which have caused us to delay the remainder of our strictures. In reply to these enquiries, we beg leave to state, that the matter being put into a train of *legal* discussion, we have, from motives of delicacy, refrained from any further investigation, which might have the appearance of *prejudging* the case. Due notice has been sent to the Proprietors of an *impending action for damages*, at the suit of Mr. Archer, which appears not a little to have staggered the *stoical apathy* of the Manager. Indeed, the Proprietors may well deprecate the rigid scrutiny of *legal* enquiry. They have already *sufficient business on their hands;* and 'tis not more than eight days since, that Mr. Sheridan has been obliged to *crawl to the cross*, and *sign a bond of arbitration*, to prevent his theatrical conduct from being laid open in a court of justice. Fortunately for the interests of literature, he had *mistaken his man*, and involved himself

himself with a person possessed both of *spirit* and *ability* to resist contumely and insult. We are in possession of all the facts relative to the interesting dispute, and in due time shall submit them to the public.

In the *New Memoirs of the Green Room*, which will be published on Wednesday next, there is a very ample and critical account of Mr. Cooke, which will be found to embrace every leading incident, both *biographical* and *professional*, of his history. The work, which is printed on wove paper, and hot-pressed, is embellished with a beautiful Portrait of Miss Murray, from a painting by Mr. Bone, Painter in Enamel to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A very interesting work has lately appeared, entitled, *The Life of David Garrick*, Esq. by *Arthur Murphy*. It consists of two large octavo volumes, in boards; and exhibits that distinguished character in four principal points of view—as an *actor*, a *manager*, an *author*, and a *private gentleman*. A writer better qualified than Mr. *Murphy*, for the execution of such a work, could not easily be found; and we may, with strict justice, add, that a more interesting publication has seldom issued from the press.

Mr. *Quick*, the justly esteemed and celebrated comedian, has recently returned from a professional trip to Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, &c, where

where his rich vein of comic talent has brought a strong influx of wealth to the manager's treasury. But what we feel a still greater pride in recording, is the liberal and excellent example he lately set, by performing at several places for the benefit of the poor. On all these occasions, we are happy to add, his unrivalled powers attracted overflowing houses, and the receipts have effectually contributed to promote the purposes of benevolence. In pite of *news-paper* slander, we must ever contemplate this gentleman's private character with pleasure. Whilst economy governs his domestic habits, he is enabled, by avoiding the paths of dissipation, to appropriate a fund for the relief of the necessitous. The infant never cries for food—the parent never implores shelter, without finding in him a father and a friend. And what renders his philanthropy the more praiseworthy and meritorious, he dispenses his benevolence without ostentation, so that he may be truly said, not "to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth."

Fricker, Printer, 16, Castle-street, Holborn.